

three lectures delivered during the last month, given much thought to suited the best audience. The book would meet the thoughts of persons who are thoughtful persons, who are Advertiser.

and eloquent appeal for claim to all the rights and suitable labor. Such difficulties under which the means too often unjustly exacted proper rank in the scale. Dall is an earnest and her book contains facts that should be known. Providence Daily

lectures delivered in Boston with which she advocates the rights of man. She is earnest, and there is a suffering, and their heart for women, that very little to us, are least able to employment for women, is what we mean that we form several kinds of better adapted to men, but to take to farming, and agriculture, as under his direction, far more healthful than now engage, to their own advantage, labor intelligently; and the wife who is most pleased even the best of her opinions.—Boston Daily.

the H. Dall, a lady well

in other and more proper

humanity. She is in earnest. Social evils

and their

spirit. There is documentary evidence to the contrary. It is on record that the Convention refused to adopt a proposed clause providing for the abolition of fugitive slaves, but afterwards adopted, without debate, the existing clause respecting 'persons' (that is, apprentices and others) from whom labor was honestly 'due.'

There is, therefore, no Constitutional obstacle to the enactment of a law by the people and State of New York, *abolishing the blessing of liberty* to all their inhabitants.

The Committee give, in an appendix, the substance of the different Personal Liberty laws in the Free States, as follows:

In 1850, Vermont did the same, immediately after the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, by adopting a stringent Personal Liberty law, which has since been made still more effective.

In 1855, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed one yet more stringent which was vetoed by Gov. Gardner on May 21, 1855, and immediately passed over his head by 32 to 3 in the Senate, and 230 to 76 in the House, and it is still the law.

Michigan has adopted a similar law.

Wisconsin adopted a yet more stringent law afterward, declaring all liens or executions upon judgments obtained under the Fugitive Slave law absolutely void; and this law has been enforced.

All these laws secure trial by jury to every fugitive slave.

Maine has forbidden all State officers from assisting in capturing or holding fugitives from labor, and has denied the use of her jails.

These laws will be found in *Laws of Massachusetts*, 1855, p. 224; *Laws of Michigan*, 1855, p. 413; *Revised Statutes of Wisconsin*, ch. 158, p. 912; *Revised Statutes of Maine*, 480, 491; *Laws of Vermont*, 1850.

In this State the Liberty bill received 84 votes last winter, against 22 in the Assembly, and failed in the Senate, the Committee thinks, only from want of time—not of votes.

The action of this State in favor of Freedom is traced down from John Jay's administration through those of Tompkins and Seward to the present time. The record is honorable to the State, and the Committee believe it only wants the enactment of an effective Personal Liberty law to make New York in fact as in name a Free State. No worthy monument they may be erected to the honor of Jay, Tompkins, Seward and other champions of Liberty, than such a statute.

JOHN BROWN NOT AT POTAWATOMIE.

Medway, Mass., Feb. 8, 1860.

To the *Editor of the Boston Journal*:

In a reminiscence of John Brown, published in *The Journal* a few weeks since, I gave it as my impression that Judge M. F. Conway (Member of Congress elect from Kansas under the new Constitution) had informed me that 'Old Brown,' in a conversation with him, admitted being present at the killing of Doyle and his confederates on Pottawatomie Creek. Not feeling absolutely certain in regard to the matter, I enclosed the paragraph to Judge Conway, asking whether I had understood him correctly; and have received from him the following reply. Will the *Boston Courier*, the *Journal of Commerce*, *Express*, and other journals which copied the original statement, also publish Judge Conway's letter, in justice both to the living and the dead? A. D. N.

LAWRENCE, K. T., Jan. 28, 1860.

My Dear Friend: You are mistaken in supposing I told you that Brown confessed to me complicity in the affair at Pottawatomie. He said the very opposite. My recollection of our conversation is that I told you he said to me that he was not at the killing, but he approved it. It is not at any rate the fact.

I have no solicitude to be correctly represented in the matter, because the Old Man was one of the noblest of those who stood up in defense of Kansas; and no Kansas man can see his memory unjustly aspersed without indignation—much less, he himself used to asperse it, without regret and anxiety. I of course exonerate you from any intention to do in justice. Ever truly yours, M. F. CONWAY.

We have received a letter from Judge Conway, reiterating in the most positive terms this denial, and adding:

It is, indeed, a wonderful circumstance, taken from any point of view, how many persons have recently sprung up to whom Brown long since confided a dreadful secret—a secret which, if exposed, would have cost him his life—and which not being exposed, made every one in it liable to the penalties of a capital offence. And still more wonderful that all these persons are of a class with which Brown never had any sympathy, and towards which he entertained a profound aversion! These witnesses are entirely too swift. They pretend to have been the bosom friends of the old man, to have shared with him the most awful secrets of his soul; and yet they are among the loudest in excommunicating him. They pretend to have been possessed of a secret which could only have been conveyed under bonds of the most sacred private friendship; and yet they are ready to expose this secret, to blacken the name of their friend. This is unnatural and impossible. I distrust all such testimony. From what I know, I am convinced that Brown never had any personal participation in the killing of the men on the Pottawatomie; and that, of course, he never told anybody he had. My recollection of what I said to Mr. Richardson on this topic, is very distinct, and to this effect, namely, that John Brown said to me in Boston, two years prior, that he was not at the killing on the Pottawatomie, but that he approved of it. Mr. Richardson could not have been doing me the honor of giving me his attention at the time, or he would not have so far misapprehended me.

The statement made to me by Brown was precisely the same made by him to all his best and most confidential friends, touching the subject and many a very safe secret for the truth's sake, truth, and nothing but the truth in the matter. The fearful story of his seizing five or six men in their beds at night, tearing them away from their weeping wives and children, killing them by slow degrees, within hearing of their families, and then wantonly mutilating their dead bodies, was invented and propagated by one of the most notorious lying rascals in the United States—an individual who has been doing all manner of base work for three years past, in this territory, for the Democratic party, and getting paid for his wretched services in hard cash. It was, of course, seized on by all the enemies of old Osawatomie, as soon as it appeared, and hawked about the country, as embodying the indubitable record of the 'Pottawatomie Massacre.' But it is utterly unworthy of credit, as a malignant attempt to injure the fame of one, who, whatever in the estimate of some may have been his errors or his crimes, was the purest embodiment which the century affords of exalted self-sacrifice; and as such, dear to every friend of humanity.

DR. WAYLAND ON SLAVERY.

At a recent meeting of the Providence City Tract Society, an auxiliary of the Boston, Anti-Slavery, American Tract Society, Dr. Wayland delivered an address of considerable length, defending the act of separation from the American Tract Society in New York, on account of its refusal to publish anything against slavery. He said that 'no man had a right to come out the word of God; distribute a portion here and a portion there; but that the whole word of Christ was to be sent abroad among the nations everywhere, whether men like it or not, and if they did not like it, there was all the more reason why they should have it.' He considered that the silence of the Society on the subject of slavery had been a tacit acknowledgment of the justice and benevolence of the institution, and that hence the South have begun to defend slavery as right. Dr. Wayland says:

'I am old enough to recollect the time when you did not see, and could not find a Southern Christian. They would say at ones, "slavery is wrong, we know it, and want and should be glad to get rid of it; we will do anything which you will point out; we shall be happy to receive any instruction or help whatever; we wish to know anything you feel to be wrong in the sight of God." A change, I say, has come over us; slavery is now held to be right, not only in the abstract, but slavery just as it is. There must not be a hair of it touched, with all its bold defiance of the laws of God and man. It has been said that slavery is allowed and approved by the Son of God; that the undefined and harmless Saviour approves of the sin of slavery, and approves of shutting out men from the knowledge of God.'

A change, too, has come over the North. This matter has been brought home to us in a great variety of ways. The press has devoted much space to it, and facts have been continually developed which have aroused the Christian conscience of the whole Northern country. Christian men are be-

ginning to ask—setting aside the abstract question of slavery—"Have we no duty to discharge to these our brethren and sisters in Christ? Can we see all these things without bearing testimony? Here are Christian men and women suffering oppression which can be equalled nowhere, not even in Austria. The Madia family were punished and sent to the galleys in Italy, for violating the word of God. The whole Christian world is aroused, and different Protestant governments have sent to beg their release.

The Montara boy was caught in Rome, and they determined to make a Papist of him, and the Christian world is all remonstrance. Here are two or three millions of enslaved men and women, and hundreds of thousands of Christian people among them; and did it not behove us to bear testimony in behalf of these outcast children of God, and also to bear testimony to those who were oppressing them, whether they knew they were wrong or not, in accordance with the words of the Saviour: 'What I tell you in darkness, that speak you in the light; and what I tell you in the ear, that speak you upon the houses?' There was a wrong committed against our Christian brethren at the South, who in their own consciences felt this to be a grievous wrong, and they looked up to us to make the truth known to this world. Then said, 'This is plainly a wrong, and what shall we do?' If they spoke, they were persecuted, and the Christian men here said not a word, and the oppressors of the slave defended themselves by the action of the Christians at the North; they said, 'We never heard a word from you upon this matter. You do not think it wrong yourselves. Whatever we have done, you have approved of slavery to contrary to the Gospel.' So they continued to think until they came to believe that it was the Gospel.'

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

The Abolitionists of Massachusetts who assembled themselves together, according to their annual usage, the last week, had their meeting again baptizing in sorrow. Last May they had to mourn over the instant loss of the earnest and generous Howey, as the year before they had had their gathering darkened by the funeral of the long-tried and beloved Loring. The pang which this newest grief struck to many hearts, was the keener for its sadness. The last illness of Mrs. Follen was short, and was known to most of that Anti-Slavery assembly by the announcement of its fatal ending. The tidings could scarce be borne. It was hard to think that the world will the play of those lasting features, and quench forever the light of those lustrous eyes. None could believe that more than three-score and ten years had passed over one whose heart still glowed with more than the enthusiasm of youth, and whose face was radiant with a better than youthful beauty. What had Death to do with such an one as she?

And yet it was not an unmeet time for her departure from the earth. A life that had given the flower of its prime of womanhood, and the ripe fruitation of its age, as a free-will offering to the service of the American Slave, was not unfitly ended at a season especially appointed for his helping. In life, she would not have failed to lend the light of her countenance, the sympathy of her heart, the wisdom of her counsel, to that congenial Anniversary. In death, she hallowed it, and made it epochal in the memories of many hearts. Mrs. Follen has been so long an integral part of the Anti-Slavery movement, that it is hard to understand how it can exist any longer. Very few indeed, but the earliest founders could claim precedence of her in its list of honor. As soon as its banner was unfolded, she and her admirable husband—her fitting mate, and a man whose character it is a vulgar abuse of terms to call illustrious—were among the very first that rallied to it, in the days of its very smallest things. So small were they, that the fury of the storm it was soon to excite was looked for by none. But when it came, they faced it together, and stood unshaken when it was at its fiercest. The danger in which social position, ancient friendliness, professional standing, the chances of useful labor even, were being swept away, never daunted those serene and faithful souls. Nor did metaphysical refinements, however recommended by warm personal friendship, and urged by the highest talents of the age, induce them to descend to lower planes of principles or action than the one on which they had first planted themselves. The fidelity of both was unswerving unto death. Neither of them knew self-sacrifice or fear.

For more than half of her anti-slavery life, Mrs. Follen has been immediately connected with the conducting of the Movement, as a member of the Committees of the American and the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies. To this service she brought her rare natural gift of organization, which was to be seen in the daily beauty of her domestic life, and the details of her refined and happy home. No one was clearer of vision as to what should be done, and as to the method of doing it. Nothing was in good hands, and all possible reliance may be placed upon those who have it in charge.

MRS. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN. In another column we have copied from the *Anti-Slavery Standard* a well-written and well-merited tribute to the memory of this much lamented woman, whose life was one of thorough consecration to the cause of the enslaved in our land, and to all that was benevolent, just and holy; whose presence was full of spiritual magnetism, and an abiding benediction; whose literary efforts have done so much to interest and elevate the rising generation; and whose rare worth will be long cherished by a large circle of admiring and sorrowing friends.

Never art gone hence!—our joyous hills among Never again to pour thy soul in song.

When spring-flowers rise!

Never the friend's familiar step to meet

With loving laughter, and the welcome sweet

Of thy glad eyes.

By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,—

Joy for thee, happy friend! thy bark hast past

The rough sea's foam!

Now the long yearnings of thy soul are stilled,—

Home! home!—thy peace is won, thy heart is filled.

—Thou art gone home!

—Never again to pour thy soul in song.

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FEBRUARY 24.

THE LIBERATOR.

LECTURES BY MISS WATKINS.

MARGARETTA, (Ohio), Feb. 9, 1860.

DEAR SIR—About ten days since, Miss FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS—believed here to be one of the most worthy and efficient anti-slavery lecturers who have visited the western country—made her appearance in our township, greatly to the satisfaction of all acquainted with her by reputation or otherwise.

WILLIAM C. NELL.

Boston, Feb., 1860.

STAND AND DELIVER!

The business (says the New York *Tribune*) of blacklisting those merchants of this and other Atlantic cities who desire to stand by the South, is one which prospects are liberally and abundantly rich, that are not surprised to see a great many enterprising citizens embarking in it. Where \$25, \$50, or even \$100, is to be made by merely inserting a line in a 'Black List,' or a 'White List,' according to circumstances, it is inevitable that those proffering such insertion should be numerous, and not particularly modest in putting their trade. We are not surprised, to, and he remarked yesterday that the consciousness of suffering in a good cause is sufficient consolation. Hazlett is very low spirited, and declares he would infinitely prefer the wilds of Kansas to his present position.

B.

CHARLESTON, Va., Feb. 19. Stevens and Hazlett, the late victims of the John Brown raid, are kept in the closest confinement. Stevens says he feels more cheerful and resigned than he ever expected to, and he remarked yesterday that the consciousness of suffering in a good cause is sufficient consolation. Hazlett is very low spirited, and declares he would infinitely prefer the wilds of Kansas to his present position.

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On Friday, January 20th, the grand solemn service in memory of John Brown, took place at the Cathedral. Although the ceremony did not bear an official character, President Gerrard, with his wife and children, was present.

During the day the flags were all kept at half-mast, and the houses hung with black.

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POETRY.

For the *Liberator.*

THE SAXON HEART.

The Saxon heart bears not control;
Like stately streams upon their course,
The tide swells on within the soul,
O'erpowering every adverse force.

The brave, good heart, that takes its stand,
Resisting wrong, abhorring shame,
Bows like a prince to take command,
Regardless still of praise or blame.

The matchless heart in bold empire,
The conquering heart, the heart so strong,
The heart of heroes, brave or wise,
The heart that always rights the wrong.

The race that erst in forest drear
The deadly arrow swiftly sped,
Hath dropt the winged shaft and spear,
And yields the winged thought instead.

The race that once went bravely forth,
To beard the wild boar in his den,
Now meets the tyrant in his wrath,
And boldly claims the rights of men.

As in those Saxon wilds of old,
The bostwing echoed far and wide,
The words of truth ring out like gold,
The same old spirit sanctified.

New Bedford.

D. R.

For the *Liberator.*

BY AND BY.

It is coming, by and by,
That blest day for which we sigh,
When our joyous song shall be,
"We are free—we are free!"

It is coming; but, Oh! when?
For we may not rest till then;
Not till our proud banner wave
O'er a land where breathes no slave.

Here on earth we may not stay
Till shall dawn that welcome day:
Heavenly joys we then may share,
But we sure shall know it there.

When we cast aside this dress,
That doth now our spirits press,
Must we cease to labor then
For our suffering fellow-men?

Nay, we'll till all shall be
Both in mind and body free;
Till that day for which we sigh,
Which is coming by and by.

And when in our native land
Not a single slave shall stand,
Whether here or whether there,
The rejoicing we shall share.

It is coming, by and by,
Hastened on by you and I;
Though but little we can do,
Small the seed whence you tree grew.

So in earnest deeds we'll pray
For the coming of that day:
Such prayers reach the ear on high—
God will answer, by and by.

Sherborn, Jan. 30, 1860.

E. D. MORSE.

From the *Worcester Spy.*

DE PROFUNDIS.

Out of the depths, O Lord! to thee we cry!
The bitter waves o'erwhelm us in their might!

Prostrate before the great white throne we lie,
Groaning for Thee through all the blinding night!

We hear the steps of heroes treading slow
The Via dolorosa—while their Cross
Grates on the dreary way with sound of woe,
Filling the soul with sense of bitter loss.

How long, O Lord—how long shall dismal night
Brood o'er the world with mark of deadly wrong?

Sin and foul darkness quench the blessed light
Of thy fair earth!—how long, O Lord—how long?

How long, O Lord—how long shall wicked men
Dig heroes' graves, and send Thy saints to death?

Oh, let them feel before Thy Truth, as when

The storm-clouds vanish at the whirlwind's breath!

Fool! know'st thou not, that in earth's furrows dark,
The precious, precious seed of life is sown,

To die, that it may quicken? Who shall mark

The ripened corn until the summer's flown?

The early and the latter rain must fall,
That is of blood,—and this is always tears.)

Upon the seas; before the harvest-call!

The sharp, bright blade heralds the golden ears!

On! on to death! the fatal hour draws near!

The martyr's crown of thorns is almost won!

Death seals once more a triumph, and men's fear

Frolics that still on earth God's will is done.

Man's wrath shall praise Him! Now His power ap-

pears,

When Sin plows deep, and sows the bloody seed!

We water the broad furrow with our tears,

And, lo! the harvest is a just reward!

We wait Thee, Lord, as watchers wait the day!

We know there is redemption in Thy hand!

And plenteous mercy still attends Thys way;

For, didst Thou mark our sins, oh, who should

stand!

Worcester, Nov. 29, 1859.

100 DOLLARS REWARD.

RAN AWAY from the subscriber, at Fairfax Court House, Virginia, Tuesday, December 27th, 1859, a mulatto MAN, calling himself Lewis Lee, 28 years of age, tall, slender, well built, active, quick in motion and speech, and very polite in his manners. Very long mulatto, straight sandy hair, and light grey eyes. I will give the above reward for his apprehension and return, or if lodged in jail so that I get him again. Jan. 8, 1860.

N. B. WATKINS.

From the *Northern Independent.*

REPLY.

LEWIS LEE TO N. B. WATKINS.
Ye have stolen all else from the African man,
But the color God gave him to wear;

The South is now stealing that as fast as it can,
Infusing light color and hair.

If your grandfathers stole mine on the African coast,
And stole him to make him his slave,
The right that gives me, sir, to you, is at most,
But the right of the robber and knave.

Or, if my father was your grandfather's son,
And your brother enslaved his half brother,
Am I made your slave by the violence done
To the charity of my grandmother?

Can one-fourth of my blood a slave make of me—
One your Courts bind you not to respect?

Still, three-fourths of my blood declare I am free,
And your claims to my service reject.

For as oft as one pound of my flesh you can claim,
My right to three pounds is far better,
Just as good as your right to your body or name,
A God-given right to the letter.

Now, Shylock, if you your one pound can get
Without a drop of my blood, nor give pain,
Your slave code would allow you to take it, and yet
My own right to myself I maintain.

You have advertised me; let me advertise you,
That JEHOVAH no attribute hath;

Can side with oppressors; His justice is due,

And man-stealers inherit his wrath.

LEWIS LEE.

Underground R. R., Jan. 22, 1860.

THE LIBERATOR.

THE LIBERATOR.

LETTER TO REV. DR. BETHUNE.

PEMBROKE, (Mass.) Jan. 2, 1860.

REV. SIR: In common with the public generally, I have perused the report of the speech delivered by you at the Union meeting held recently in your city, and I feel impelled by a sense of duty to trouble you with a few observations upon such an extraordinary performance. Extraordinary I deem it, not from its force of argument or felicity of method, but solely in view of the truculent tone in which you dispose of the rights and interests of millions of our common race, and the glaring perversions of truth with which it abounds. I have no apology to make for addressing you in a public manner, or for the plainness of speech which I shall endeavor to cultivate.

I do not wish to make your presence at a political meeting matter of reproach, although it seems scarcely consistent with your frequent reproof of others who take the same liberty, though in a different direction.

Your attempt to take that occasion out of the category of political meetings is simply absurd. You are too shrewd to have anticipated from the antecedents of that meeting any thing different from what actually changed—a meeting, to wit, of the most intensely party character; one which, while denouncing in unmeasured terms the errors of the North generally, and the Republican party in especial, should be deaf, dumb and blind concerning the ceaseless aggressions of Slavery.

The evident complacency with which you regarded the whole affair, including the boldly blasphemous attack of Mr. O'Conor upon the fundamental principles of religion, and the nauseous cant in which John A. Dix paraded his Judas-like apostasy, clearly prove that the meeting and your expectations of it were entirely at one with each other. I submit, Sir, that had you not been well assured that it was a gathering whose end and aim were to serve the interests of Slavery, and to aid and comfort the dominant party in their base subversiveness to it, you would, when the character of the meeting stood revealed, describe the cool, thoughtful, unfeeling courage of the man whose Governor Wise affirmed to be the "bravest man he ever saw." But, "fervency"—where in all that relates to John Brown is to be found the fervency which you impute to him? To say of Napoleon that he exhibited the courage of a game-cock, and the fervency of a mad-dog, would be quite as felicitous, and less unjust. I do not ask you to listen to the testimony of those who are, as you aneeringly remark, disposed to canonize him. But, let his bitter enemies be heard, and, with one accord, they exonerate him from the charge of fervency. Judged by his foes, he was eminently brave, truthful and humane. Why, sir, the very nature of his action disproves your assertion, containing, as it did, the elements of the rarest disinterestedness and self-devotion to principle. Let no false issue be attempted here.

Are you a man of religion, and have not been impressed by the deep and fervid piety which ran through this man's whole nature?—his undeviating devotion to his idea of right!—and, more than all, his sublime uprightness of character, and his undeviating unfold their meaning while in ignorance of their nature.

Your estimate of John Brown has, together with his death, become matter of history, and I arrogate to myself the right to add a few words concerning him. And, tried by the highest standard, his enemies being judges, he is seen to be self-sacrificing beyond any known man of the billion who now people earth. Read the administration which he gave to his men touching the duty of regarding the lives of others, and see if you can extract from it anything that looks like fervency. Read his tribute to his character in the letter of Ex-President Fillmore, and reflect how convincing must be the evidence to have extorted such a testimony!

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I could charitably suppose you ignorant of the facts to which I have referred; for the man who is so easily led by the nose as to go to a political meeting without having read the Call which produced it, or without knowing anything about it, except that it contained the word "Union," may well commit even a greater folly. But, even this would not leave you blameless. The difference is but small between him who perverts facts, and him who undertakes to unfold their meaning while in ignorance of their nature.

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